# WHY AWA' SO LANG AT NICHT.

Air.—John, Anderson, My Jo.

John, Anderson, my Jo, John,
  You're aye been gude to me ;
But ye hae a wee bit failin, John,
  Ye like to tak a spree,
And bide awa' frae hame at nicht,
  Till the cock begins to crow ;
And weel ye ken it is na' richt,
  John Anderson, my Jo.

I canna say you're bad, John,
  Sae drouthy as some folks :
Wha' spend au they mak, John,
  In bar rooms cracking jokes ;
But drinks an ugly fearfu shoal,
  A deadly luring foe ;
It steals awa' our self control,
  John Anderson, my Jo.

We baith are getting auld, John,
  We've seen the warld's way ;
It didna care ava, John,
  If ane is led astray ;
But your wife and bairns dearest ties,
  Ye hae, ye ken it's so ;
Your smile and love they court and prize,
  John Anderson, my Jo.

Then why do you, my Jo, John,
  Sae risk your gudely fame ;
As tak the notion while, John,
  To bide awa' frae hame,
At nicht when I'm sae lonesome drear,
  Gin ye ken'd how sair a blow ;
It is to your ain wife dear,
  John Anderson, my Jo.

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